## DREAMING AND AWAKING.

f I had lain thee low in the mold With the sods on thy fair, frank face. And prayed my prayer, and made my moan And turned to my desolate hearth alone. Fo stare at my vacant place. Why I had mourned the long hours throug With a sorrow that would not die; Yet thinking, my love and I, at last., When the fret and the fever of life are past May meet in our home on high. If I had seen thee turn away,
From this passionate love of mine,
To woo another, for troth and faith,
To give another, for life and death,
True hand and name of thine:

Why had I felt though not for me To win that noble heart. I may watch his steadfast course afar, I may may joy in the light of my one proud As I sit in the shade apart. But to know that our trust was baseless, To know our hope was vain, Ah, who that wakens from visioned bliss, To truth, cold, bitter and hard as this, Would venture to dream again.

IN THE EVENING.

Il day the wind had howled along the leas I day the wind had nowled along the leas, all day the wind had swept across the plain I day, on rustling grass and waving trees, Idai fallen "the useful trouble of the rain." I day, beneath the low-hung, dreary sky, he dripping earth had cowered sullenly. At last the wind had sobbed itself to rest, At last to weary calmacas sank the storm; A crimson line gleamed sudden in the west, Where golden flocks rose wavering into for A hushed revival heralded the night, and with the evening time awoke the light.

The rosy color flushed the long, gray waves, The rosy color tinged the mountain brow, And where the old church watched the villa graves, Wood to a passing flush, the yew-trees frown ird, beast, and flower releating nature knew, ad one pair star rose shimmering on the blue.

So, to a life long crushed with heavy grief; So, to a path long darkened by despair, The slow, sad hours bring touches of relief, Whispers of hope, and strength of trust prayer.
"Tarry his leisure," God of love and might,
And with the evening time there will be light?

AN HUNGERING.

Some hearts go hungering through the world,
And never find the love they seek;
Some lips with pride or scorn are curied
To hide the pain they may not speak.
The eyes may flash, the mouth may smile.
The voice in gladiest mirth may thrill,
And yet beneath them all the while
The hungry heart is pining still.

These know their doom, and walk their way, With level steps and steadfast eyes, Nor strive with fate, nor weep, nor pray—While others, not so saily wise, Are mocked by phantoms evernore, And lured by seemings of delight, Pair to the eye, but at the core Holding but bitter dust and blight.

I see them gaze from wistful eyes.
I mark their sign on fading cheeks.
I near them breath in smothered sighs,
And note the grief that never speaks;
For them no might retresses wrong.
No eye with pify is impearled;
Oh, mis-onstrued and suffering long,
Oh, hearts that hunger through the world!

For you does life's dull desert hold No fountain slinde, no date grove fair. Nor gush of waters clear and cold, But sandy reaches clear and cold. The foot may fail, the heart may faint, And weigh to earth the weary frame, Yet still ye make no weak complaint, And speak no words of grief or blame. Oh, eager eyes which gaze afar! Oh, arms which clasp the emp

Sot all unmarked your sorrows are, Not all unpitied your despair, smile, patient lips so proudly dumb— When life's frail tent at last is furled. The Missing Link.

BY STANLEY CURTIS.

BOUT ten years ago I was passing through a small city in the State of New York. My errand there was one of business. short. I arrived at eight o'clock in the evening and departed at twelve. About half past eleven, as I passed through the main street on my way to the depot, I encountered a man with a mask, who, at the moment I met him, was emerging from a store. Just as he stepped out his mask dropped off and I caught a good square glance of his face. It would be irrelevant to describe his personal appearance now. But he glanced at me ilercely, hastily replaced his mask and made off at a quick pace.

I pursued my way, thinking the event rather strange, but bid not give it much attention.

manuscript, left by a lunatic—a female of rare beauty, it was said, who had set died at the age of twenty-nine. Her life had been a said one. Deep sorrow in her maidenhood, disappointment in love and experiences of a terrible nature had while occasional lucid intervals broke in on her darkened mind. At these times down by melancholy that delirium seemed a relief rather than a curse.
This I learned of her attendants and friends. From her manuscript I have

ollated a story too strange, almost to be grief and injustice, of the irresistable force of circumstances, which somecus shapes, plotting destruction to inno-cent victims.

Miss Corydon's story is too disjointed

will narrate the facts as clearly as pos

THE MURDER.

Geoffrey Armstrong had been mur dered-murdered in the dead of night In the morning his body was found on the lake shore, disfigured by several

the work.

The discovery was made about ten o'clock in the forenoon. He had been missed from his usual haunts, his room was found to be empty, and search was instituted. The horrible discovery of his murdered body was the result. It was found by two laborers, who brought the news with pale faces.

the news with pale faces.

The excitement was intense. Geoffrey Armstrong had many friends in the town, and they wept and vowed revenge. The coroner was summoned, and proceeded with a jury to hold an inquest. Nothing pseudiar was discovered, nothing by which a clue could be obtained the treat of the murderer. Nothing by which a clue could be obtained to find the track of the murderer. Nothclosely examined the stab

made with an ordinary weapon. he. "The cut is not and a long one knife used must have been a long one and a sharp one, for there are no bruises and a sharp one, for there are no bruises on the body, and nothing to indicate that the knife was inserted to the hilt." He then inspected the wound minute-ly and made accurate and elaborate

he said," these features of the case may prove of use. For myself, I would ad-vise that every effort be made to find that

## HARDWARE

## NORTHERN OHIO JOURNAL.

A FAMILY PAPER, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AGRICULTURE, AND GENERAL NEWS.

VOLUME I.

PAINESVILLE, LAKE COUNTY, OHIO, SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1872.

us would carry him successfully through life. But Philip, although he cherished no ill-feelings toward Geoffroy, looked at the matter in a more practical light, and did not regard the match as a suitable one. His proposition was not seen ble one. His opposition was not vio-lent; he simply gave his sister his ad-vice, and hoped she would accept it.

served manner, but still he persecuted her with his unwelcome attentions. This suitor's name was John Rivers. People generally called him fine lookng, but there was a look about his small, bead-like black eyes which Miss Corydon termed "snaky." But what-ever were his good or bad qualities, Miss Corydon preferred Geoffrey Armstrong,

this morning. You know he was very much opposed to a marriage that was

do you?" indignantly demanded a by-"Accuse him? O no. But he's a good sharp lawyer, and we ought to have his advice in this case, it seems to me. Why don't somebody look for him." ake nothing for granted. One of them

had listened silently to Rivers, and was thinking in silence. He finally looked "Twouldn't do no hurt, as I know of to look for that Corydon. It looks kind o' queer that he shouldn't be 'round, 'specially seein' he was after Armstrong

On being informed, he started for it. followed by a parcel of men and boys of the class always on the lookout for a sen-sation. He soon arrived at his destina-

sation. He soon arrived at his destina-tion, and accompanied by a brother of-ficer, ascended to Corydon's room. He knocked at the door hastily. No reply. A londer knock failed to elicit any re-The officers looked on each other sig

nificantly. Another knock was given with the same result. Again the offi-cers peered into each other's countenances, and as if by simultaneous agree-ment they placed their shoulders against the door and burst its fastenings.

What was that on the floor, in the middle of the floor? And that in the

orner, near a chair? The one was a long, sharp, thin, flat-bladed knife, covered with blood, and the other was a cap, with red stains and The officers involuntarily

back, accustomed as they were to scenes of horror. They then scrutinized the room closely, but found nothing else unusual. The weather was very warm, and one window was raised, allowing the slight breeze to gently ruffle the light curtains. Without all was bright sunshine; within it was bright, too, but upon what a scene! There lay the traces of a bloody murder, in the room of a man of high standing in the community. He

The people outside grew impatient at the non-appearance of the officers, and began to be clamorous. Finally one of them appeared at the door.

"Friends," said he, "you had better go home. We've made an important discovery, which may lead to the finding of the murderer. Philip Corydon was fast after Geoffrey Armstrong last night, and this morning one's dead and the other's not to be found. Besides, we've found something in Corydon's room that leads to horrible suspicions. I'm going down town now, and you'd better do the same, for Bill's guarding the room, and you wont get any satisthe room, and you wont get any satisfaction by standing here."

don, the murerer of Geoffrey Armstrong, he cried.

A loud shout went up and the whole troop followed him. Down the street they went, murmuring and muttering, ever and anon a louder voice than the rest giving utterance to some senti-ment that found quick and noisy ap-

ners, and women hastened from one nouse to another to talk over the terrible affair. Excitement ran high, and before noon every man, woman and

That masquerade ball-I never shall orget it. It was the night before the nurder. I went dressed as the Queen

becoming to me. cumbered with a costume, as he was going out late in the evening to sketch a
magnlight scene. Philip would not go.
Business, he said, kept him away. O,
that fatal business; Why did he select
that night?

Tound in Corydon's room was the same
one worn by the person who purchased
the knife. Witness could not identify
the mask worn by the person, as it was
of a very common style, similar to twenty or more he had sold during the week.
Such was the substance of the testi-

whom she did not love. She had told whom she did not love. She had told whom she did not love. She had told my room.

"O Miss Carydon?" she exclaimed, "O Miss Carydon?" she exclaimed, "what do you suppose they are saying about your brother! They have found something terrible in his room, and they think he killed poor Mr. Armstrong—O, Lord a massy, what have I said! Don't look so at me!"

look so at me I did not faint, but think I must have

"Can't find him?" I echoed, "why can He would not run away. Let me go to

I went up stairs. An officer guarded the door of Philip's room and would not let me enter. I begged. He was firm.
"It's my duty, ma'am," said he. "The
President of the United States could not

o in there now."

think.
To think! O, what misery there is in thinking. Thoughts have driven me mad. If I could never think again, what a comfort it would be!

After sitting there for some time I was aroused by a hubbub below. Boys were screaming, there was a sound of wheels approaching, and footsteps rattled on approaching, and footsteps rattled on

and he strained his neck to look out the window, but did not desert his post.

The carriage stopped in front of the house, the front door opened and Philip came bounding up the stairs.

"What under the heaven is the matter?" he cried. "What does this crowd mean, and these people following me "O Philip!" I cried, springing to him,
"You did not do it, did you?"
"For mercy sake, Esther, you here too?

An officer burst in at the door just

"I arrest you, Philip Corydon, for the murder of Geoffrey Armstrong!" At that moment I fainted, and can remember no more. I was ill for six weeks, most of the time in a raving de-lirium. But O, what became of my brother? I have preserved a newspaper

V. THE TRIAL.

The trial of Philip Corydon took place

had been found.
3. Corydon had left town late on the

night of the murder, and the next morn-ing a knife and a cap had been found in his room stained with blood. ously objected to the contemplated mar-riage of his sister to Armstrong, and on the evening he was searching for Armstrong his manner betrayed excitement

Dr. Brown was called, and testified that the wounds which caused the death of the murdered man could have been inflicted only with a knife corresponding in description exactly with that Max Strauss, a dealer in toys, masks

and curiosities, testified that on the night of the murder, about half past eleven o'clock, he was sitting in his store, when he heard a knock at the store, when he heard a knock at the door. On opening it a man with a mask entered and inquired for a sword. Witness had no sword, but sold him a long, flat-bladed knife, which the man said would do—he wanted it for a character he was going to personate. The knife found in Corydon's room was shown to witness, and he identified it as the one he had sold. He also thought the cap found in Corydon's room was the same

than all my brother accused of doing the deed.

As the people passed through the streets I heard their shouts and unuterings, and Philip's name was often distinguishable. What are they raving about him? thought I. All of a sudden Mrs. Gambee, my landlady, rushed into my room. dence against hlm. The verdict was awaited almost breathlessly.

The prisoner was found gullty of man slaughter and sentenced to hard labor in the State Prison for the term of ten

MISS CORYDON'S NARRATIVE.

Corydon preferred Geoffrey Armstrong, and that was enough. At least it should have been enough for Mr. Rivers whose plain duty it was to let her alone. But he not only did not let her alone, but he nearly pestered the life out of her, and vowed he would marry her yet.

The dead body of Geoffrey Armstrong and there respectably laid out. The wounds were dressed as neatly as possible, and preperations were made for the

Before, he had been only an acquain-tance who had made himself disagreea-bly intimate—a rejected lover—a disappointed suitor who evidently wished to remain a friend—but now, I could not alone!" remain a friend—but now, I could not help it, he seemed like an enemy—an intruder on my rights and a destroyer of my happiness. It was the first time I had seen him since the murder.

"Miss Esther," said he, "I make bold to call on you, for I hope we are friends as we used to be before the—the great as we used to be before the—the great missertups that has come over us." He misfortune that has come over us."
spoke in a low tone, with an attempt be subdued and sympathetic in his man-ner. The character did not suit him well for his bright eyes sparkled and snappe as if they would give the lie to his pro

Rivers," I replied, coldly. He sat down and rubbe "Ah, Miss Esther," he said, "it daily demonstrated that this world is but a vale of tears. The happiest of us see dark days, and the most confident are often doomed to meet with disap-He spoke with a satisfied air, as if this

speech were a triumph of eloquence that should set him up in my opinion. "True," was the only response I could seem perfect often carry sorrow to the heart of their friends, by appearing in their true characters."

did not reply.
"But," he continued, "our duty is not to mourn and pine away, we should rather cast aside sorrowful memories, and look about us for new associations,

"Sorrow and disgrace are not easily forgotten, or set aside, Mr. Rivers." "Ah, but it is a fault of the world's people that they associate the guilt of one with the innocence of another. You That was a cruel stab, and he knew it.

He would have said 'my brother's crime if he had dared.
"Mr. Rivers," I replied, with dignity you should know that such conversation is painful to me. You certainly will do "Certainly, Miss Esther," he replied "But I wanted to say to you that you must consider me your friend, and call on me for any assistance you may require. If people should turn a cold shoulder to you, why, just remember that John Rivers will always remain a true friend, and reloce in any opportuntrue friend, and rejoice in any opportu-

true friend, and rejoice in any opportunity to serve yor.

He remained for a while longer, sustaining a conversation almost entirely
unaided by me, for I was sick at heart,
and longed for him to go. At last he
took his departure, bidding me goodnight, and protesting his friendship.

Two days after I went to see my brothare I cannot describe our interview. Two days after I went to see my broth-er. I cannot describe our interview, The disgrace had told terribly on him. He never could look the world in the face again, he said. He looked thin and pale, and I thought he was not well. He told me about the business that had call-ed him away that night. It was an af-fair connected with Geoffrey Armstrong. He wanted to look over certain records

He wanted to look over certain records by which Geoffrey thought he could prove his claim to some property he had been cheated out of years before. But he found that he would need certain memoranda, and so returned early next day in order to see Geoffrey. But Geof-frey was dead, and no one but he could testify to this.

"I feel that I cannot live ten years in

this place," said Philip, at one time du-ring the interview.

I left him with a heart almost deadened, but with a spirit to dare and to do anything in order to discover the real But what could I, a helpless girl, do?
The world believed my brother guilty, and no one would look with encouragement on any efforts I might make to prove him innocent. However, I made up my mind to secure the service of some able lawyer, and let him watch, in a quiet, unobstrusive manner, for some clue by which to discover the real murderer.

knife."
The wisdom of the doctor's advise was adsaffed by all. The knife must be found and the murderer must suffer the penalty of his foul dealty loved bias. It was with difficulty that she could be persented from she dearly loved bias. It was with difficulty that she could be persented from hovy that gathered around the body as it was carried throught, which his book and penalty and the gathered around the body as it was carried throught the streets.

When the select ty or more he had sold during the week. Such was the substance of the test. Such was the substan

that drew me there. Sometimes I went to get rid of John Rivers, for he visited me frequently, and I never was glad to see him. But he would come, and he often opened anew the wounds which had been inflicted on my spirit, and which could never sear over. If he had been kind, or considerate, or really the true friend he pretended to be, he would true friend he pretended to be, he would not have done this.

One evening I was sitting in a large rocking-chair, by the fire, feeling tired, ill and drowsy. I was almost asleep, when, by a sudden impulse I rose and wandered down to the shore, and was soon seated among some bushes, looking

out upon the water. As I was sitting there musing, I heard a footstep on the gravel, and looking around saw John Rivers approaching. My heart gave a leap, for I thought he had come to seek me. But he soon stopped, looked out over the water, and as I became certain that I was not what had brought him there, I gave a subdued sigh of relief. He had stopped on the exact spot where the murder was committed. Afwas conveyed to his late boarding-nouse and and there respectably laid out. The wounds were dressed as neatly as possible, and preperations were made for the funeral.

Meanwhile, the officers were discussing the best mode of detecting the murderer. The clue afforded did not seem to promise much, as the kaife had probably been thrown far out into the lake, and in that case there would be no possibility of recovering it.

But who had last been seen with the victim? No one knew. He had left his boarding-house early in the evening and gone, as he said, to the shore of the lake to specify the control of the door, and were discussing the work of the lake and in that case there would be no possibility of recovering it.

But who had last been seen with the victim? No one knew. He had left his boarding-house early in the evening and gone, as he said, to the shore of the lake and nonlight scene. However, one person had been seen searching for him during the evening, stopped at all his usual lounging places and anxiously inquiring his whereabouts. That person was Philip Corydon. His manner was somewhat excited, and he appeared in great haste.

No one thought of accusing him of the crime, as his reputation was unsullied, and to associate hims? I not not osuch a thing. To wonded the steps of convict somebody, though, and so you declared my poor brother guilty of man be closely ended by the deed. As soon as I was strong the deed. As soon as I was find the preparation of the door, and were discussing the murder was completed. Then he stepped at this the deed. As soon as I was strong the deed. As soon as I was find the deed. A

No one thought of accusing him of the crime, as his reputation was unsullied, and to associate him with such an act seemed preposterous.

"But," said John Rivers, who was conversing with the officers, "where is conversing with the officers, "wher tating the features, was the countenance of Geoffrey Armstrong! At that moment Rivers looked up. His eyes met mine. "Murderer!" I cried, "you are not

"Pardon me, Miss Esther," he said,
"I thought I heard you scream just as I entered. Are you ill?"

I was agitated, the dream having affected has stream. fected me strongly.
"Good-evening, Mr. Rivers," I said "Did I scream?" I had such a dreadful "Indeed!" said he; "and may I ask

"Indeed!" said he; "and may I ask what was its nature?"
"O yes," I replied. "I am so used to horrible thoughts that I am very stoical about such things. The dream was a very singular and a very terrible one, but I will tell it to you, if you wish."

I do not know what spirit came over me, for I was not only willing, but was absolutely itching to tell that dream to John Rivers. I would paint it in glowing colors, and tell it to him with all my cloquence. But I did not mention his name. I told it all but that, and then said: then said: "It was terrible, Mr. Rivers. Ah, how distinctly the face of that man is pictured to my mind, as he looked up

from the phantom body and his eyes met mine. His face was pale, his eyes small and black, his eyebrows heavy, his mustache jet black and luxuriant, his cheeks rather sunken, with a small brown mole on the upper part of the left one." He sprang from his chair. His cheeks were paler, if possible, than usual; he looked at me steadily for a moment, his

ength. "I know it," said I. After a pause he walked to the door, put his hand on the knob, held it there or a moment resolutely, and then came "Well," said he, "that was a very

ingular dream,"
"Very," I replied, and then continu when a man commits a murder there is an irresistable fascination which leads him to visit the spot afterwards."

"Good gracions! What do you mean?"
he exclaimed, in a violent manner "What do you mean, Mr. Rivers?" asked, drawing myself up. "I am not aware that there is any necessity for getting excited."
"O no, certainly not," he said, forcing

sounding words and phrases. He soo departed, after making a few common The next morning I sent the following

"Watch John Rivers. If you cor municate to me, call him Fald. E. C." During the next four weeks I received "Fald frequently walks to the lake

"Fald has a visitor—apparently an in-timate friend. They go together on the lake shore. They have rented a private room in a block belonging to me." I cannot say that I suspected John Rivers of having murdered Geoffrey Armstrong. But that dream made a deep impression on my mind, and I found my thoughts involuntarily wan-pering in a channel indicated by the not in a great rage when I refused him?

Now, that Geofirey was dead, did he not nearly persecute all patience out of me?

It was a terrible crime to accuse one of without good foundations. Yet I did not mean to accuse him of it—I only meant to find out all about him, and

spent playing cards, and sometime friends were brought in to join the games. Once in a while small sums of ney changed hands, but never to any

sit down after they were through playing, with a box of eigars between them, and hold lengthy conversations. I then would hear vague allusions, as I thought, to me. The conversion would run as follows: "Hang it, man, if a girl won't have ou, what are you going to do."
"Why, try the arts of skillful persua

There was nothing in this to repay me for my trouble, and I once almost resolved to give up my lonely night-

and contempt, "but don't you blat to any "O no. You can trust me for that. But just think of it—"
"I don't want to think of it!"

"Shut up, will you?" roared Rivers.
"Don't be so infernal cross to a fellow. But that knife and cap did the work, didn't it? I tell you, you must marry her now, after all that." Rivers was on his feet and had seized a huge stick of wood that lay by the stove. He raised it aloft. "Another word out of your mouth, and Till-put you beyond uttering suy more!" His eyes were two living coals and his face was a picture of rage.
"Don't kill him too!" I cried, in a

ken man was sober; the sober man drop-ped his billet of wood and turned the color of ashes. Both stared at cach other with a dazed look. with a dazed look.

I waited no longer, but noiselessly left the building and proceeded rapidly home. It was eleven o'clock, and my light was burning low. I entered with a night key, without disturbing any one and wended my way to my own room.

I was in a state of terrible excitement.

I was in a state of terrible excitement, My brain was all of a whirl, and my thoughts ran wild with each other. O, had I discovered the real murderer? Was my brother to be set free, and again be an honored citizen? I was dizzy and faint with excitement and anticipation. I would see Mr. Pinch to-morrow and we would push things to a gloriou

me! It is said that the darkest hour comes just before dawn. It is also true, sometimes, that when hope seems brightest the deepest disappointment is im-mediately at hand. On the table, just beside the lamp, lay a telegram directed to me. I hastily opened it and read the following:
"By telegraph from — prison to
Esther Corydon; Philip Corydon died
this afternoon at five o'clock, from a sudlen sinking away—the result of a linger

Darkness seemed to envelope me. heavy, oppressive feeling took possession of me, which I tried in vain to shake off. At last my desperate struggle found vent in a long, loud scream. I heard a rushing sound, was conscious of a strug-gle, and forthwith relapsed into conun-

When I awoke I was in a small room lying on a bed. Everything was strange No one was in sight, and I slowly looked around me. There was no furniture except a stand, and a chair which seemed to be fastened firmly against the wall. The bedstead was of iron. I looked up at a small window, which was protected without by iron bars. And, what looked stranger than all, the walls of the room were thickly padded all over. I sat up in the bed. I tried to rise, but was bound fost.

"be quiet and don't get excited."
I looked at her in wonder. turned the stare curiously, and approac ing me, said;
"How do you feel?"

"Weak, very weak," I replied; "but tell me where I am, and what these cords are about my limbs for?" She gazed at me for a mon then started off with the words

I have now been in - asylum eight tronymic and take that of his dam.

I have completed the preceeding story from Miss Corydon's manuscript, be-cause the facts related possessed for me a strong interest. This will be under-stood when I state a fact connected with stood when I state a fact connected with the incident mentioned in Part I. of this narrative. The features of the man coming out of the store, which were re-vealed by his mask drooping off, im-pressed themselves strongly on my mem-ory. His face was pale, his eyes small and black, his mustache jet black and luxuriant, his cheeks rather sunken, with a small brown mole on the upper with a small brown mole on the upper part of the left one. But the next day I was hundreds of miles away, and still travelling rapidly.

ANECDOTES OF PUBLIC MEN BY COL. J W. FORNEY.

NO LXXIII. watches.

But just about this time I received word that my brother's health was failing, and this maddened me so that I watched and listened more intently than before. Not that I really expected to accomplish anything, but I took a grim delight in sitting there through the long nights, and thinking how sweet revenge would be if I should discover anything to materially sid me in my undertaking.

Philadelphia was honored by a national convention in the shape of the Colonian convention in the shape of the Colonian in the shape of the c ing.
So the time went on. Perseverance has its reward, and I was to have mine.
One night I heard something that set the blood thrilling through my veins its reward, and the chains of the political leader made heavier. Now all is the blood thrilling through my veins like a shock of electricity.

Rivers and his friend had been playing cards and drinking. Rivers had drank moderately, but his friend grew excited and gorrulous. He talked and prated with a singular mixture of good prated with a singular mixture of good and ill humor.

"O, you miserable fellow," said he you ought to marry that girl now. If you ought to marry that girl now. They will see the pay."

"What wouldn't pay? If you mean it wouldn't pay? If you mean it wouldn't pay to marry her, you are about right, for she's got the devil in her and besides her fortune is not half what I supposed it was."

Illical leader made heavier. Now all is in harmony with the protest and prophage the sheriff to properly adjust the rope. After the black cap had been drawn the Sheriff knocked the prop from under the thrap, and Ballew was swinging in mid-air. The fall failed to break his neek, as was seen by his convulsive struggles. After swinging fifteen min-thes, during which time the prisoner made desperate efforts to free himself it was ascertained that the noose was so by Washington. They will see the places described by Franklin in his in-comparable autobiography. They will see the places described by Franklin in his in-favor of a second hanging, and were not slow in demanding it. The cattle-struct slow in demanding it. The cattle-struct they named him, and he lived in Kenther the Sheriff knocked the prop from under the Sheriff knocked the p I supposed it was."

"O, is that so? Then I'm sorry I had anything to do with it. By George it was an ugly job!"

"What are you talking about?"

"Devilish ugly! How did you feel when it was done?"

"Devilish ugly! How did you feel when it was done?"

"Borman, Alexander Hamilton, Robert Morris, Andrew Jackson, delegates or Senators in Congress, Cabinet Ministers, financiers, etc., lived in those trying times; and as they follow up the progress of events from their source they will better understand why President "When what was done? You talk like a fool."

"Ah, it's very well to talk like that. But we're alone now, what's the difference? I tell you I get so crazy thinking about it that I must talk to some body, and if it isn't you it will be some one else."

will better understand why President Grant is to-day the strongest public man in America. Discounted by the accidents, and, if you please, the errors of all men in his position, you find the great fact remaining, that he is the only man who ever had the full opportunity, and seized that opportunity boldly, to prove his devotion to the principles of

man who ever had the full opportunity, and seized that opportunity boldly, to prove his devotion to the principles of the Declaration of Independence. Without anything like a party record, and without the slightest pretension, he has grasped the whole situation, with all its obligations, and has been as true to advanced republican doctrines, as these have been crystalized by experience, as if he had made that species of philosophy a study. The danger has always been that those earliest in defending great truths become hypercritical as they grow old. Grant's rare merit is that he accepts a fact proved by trial: incorporates it into his administration. In this respect he resembles George Washington. Washington never was a political experimenter. He never reveled in theories. He was not carried away by visionary hopes of human perfectibility. He wrote little and spoke less. And yet, as President, he executed the laws, kept the peace between Hamilton and Jeffer-son, bore with the eccentricities of John Adams, and never lost his temper when Thomas Paine and Philip Francis Fre-Twenty-four hundred years of human effort, revolution, and ambition may be studied in the remains of ancient, and the triumphs of modern Rome. With the torch of our new intelligence we light up and restore the memories of those almost forgotton centuries. "A railroad to Pompeii!" says that fascinating writer, George S. Hilliard, of Boston, in his charming book, "Six Months in Italy"—"It seemed appropriate to be transported from the living and smiling present to the heart of the dead past by the swiftest and most powerful wings that modern invention has furnished." Our one century of government discloses wonders and trophies of another kind. The world has gone forward with the speed of magie, and as weturn back for a moment to contemplate what has been done in that cycle, what better aid could we have to illuminate our path than the living lessons of the city of Philadelphia, as taught by the men of the Revolution, whose posterity can even yet recall their features, and rejoice with us among the magnificent harvest of the seed which they planted ninety-six years ago?

inety-six years ago?

Life is a mission. Every other de-finition of life is false, and leads all who accept it astray. Religion, science, philosophy, though still at variance upon many points, all agree in this thatevery existence is an aim. Wer it not so of what avail were the move it not so of what avail were the movement, the progress, which all are beginning to recognize as the law of life. And that aim is one: to develope and bring into action all the faculties which constitute and lie dormant in human nature—Humanity,—and cause them harmoniously, to combine toward the discovery and application of that law. But individuals, according to the time and space in which we live, have various secondary aims all under the direction of and governed by the one musrpe and permanant aim; and all tending to the constant and 'further development and association of the collective faculties and forces. For one man, this secondary aim may be to aid in the moral and intellectual improvment of the few immediately around him; for another gifted with superior faculties, or placed mediately around him; for another gifted with superior faculties, or placed in more favorable circumstances, the secondary aim is to promote the formation of a Nationality: to reform the social condition of a people; to solve a political or religious question. Our own Dante undetstood this, when, more than five conturies ago, he spoke of the great Sea of Being upon which all existence were led by power divine toward different ports. Mankind is young yet, both in knowledge and power, and a tremenduous uncertainty still hangs over the determination of the special alms to which we are bound to devote ourselves.

NUMBER 50.

She saf in ber own room, and fer state is the state of the lake shore the sketch.

Some count for the knife and cap being in the bake shore the sketch.

Now, though II, for another siege with was a cancellocabeler. Her houter Philip. Corysion, was a lawyer. They were the lake shore the sketch.

It is the presentatives of their funity, and all thought he hall left the hall, thought he hall be the wished to see the martel and the though firstly-read that the complexion and fine though firstly-read the complex of the state presentation. The state is presentable, as the was light, and his eyes were blue. From them sparkled resolution, corage and a proud and a sensition price and state of the could be obtained and state of the could be obtained and state of the state of the could be obtained and state of the could a state of lazy carclessness, when, like a thunderbolt, the fiendish yell of the savages deadened every heart with terror. Before the panic-streken teamsters could collect their scattered thoughts and arms the Indians had ridden among them, secured all but two, and continued uttering exulting shrieks like gorgons of devastation. After thus having secured the now despairing teamsters, they prethe now despairing teamsters, they preceded to pillage the contents of the wagons. To their great delight they found a quantity of arms and ammunition, which they appropriated to their use. They took a few articles of merchanical statements of the content of th chandise with which the wagons were principally loaded, for the use of their sable recrnits and Mexicans. They then rolled the wagons together, carefully tied their victims under the wagons, piled wood around and set fire to the pile. They remained with diabolical stolldity till the death throes of the tortured teamsters ceased to greet their ears

when they deliberately collected their mules and spoils with the dignified air of conquerors.

A letter from McKinney, Texas, describes the horrible execution there of Stephen Ballew. a notorious ruffian, who had murdered a youth named James Golden for money, and afterward married the victims sister. The prisoner was taken from the wagon by the sheriff and led up to the gallows. His face wore a sullen and cold blooded look as he sat there calmly smoking a cirar

house. It appears that about nine years

om French woman. About two years

devastated France, they concluded to come to this country, which they did. After arriving in New York he found

it difficult to get work, as he could not speak Fnglish, and as a last resort had to go up to Danbury, Conn., where he went to work making charcoal. After

his family, but failed to get the promised work, and had to take whatever odd jobs

boy and a girl, were born to them: the Josephine, being eight years old at the present time, and the boy, Leon tour years old. Andre and his family were

all living at this time in Pavonia aveue, Jersey City, in very indignant circum-stances. After returning to this city from Connecticut, Andre and his family

tiene, a French inventor, who was ma-king patent bricks, and who was con-sidered by the unfortunate man as one of his most intimate ftiends, as be con-

vows, and constantly charged her with it, and at times entreated her to be true

t the Erie Railroad depot as a laborer. On the 24th of May his wife took the

irst street, where Tartiene soon followe

found at the residence of Emma Vacher at No.415 East Fifteenth, street and requested her to go with him before the French consul and sign it. His wife read the document and refused to sign

wore a sullen and cold blooded look as he sat there calmly smoking a cigar, while the clergymen were performing the service, showing most dogged indifference. After a few short prayers, of which the prisoner took no notice, the Sheriff advanced and announced that the prisoner had nothing to say, having positively declined to utter a single word. Ballew was then informed that his time had come when he got down from the If there is really a delightfully refreshing scene on this earth, it is a newly married man sliding toward home with his first washboard. had come when he got down from the railing upon which he had been perched advanced towards the Sheriff with a sneer, and with a devil-may-care indiffat the Cincinnati Convention. ited in them, and the mulberries are poisoning children by the same process. sneer, and with a devil-may-care indifference lowered his head in order to allow the sheriff to properly adjust the rope. After the black cap had been drawn the Sheriff knocked the prop from under the trap, and Ballew was swinging in mid-air. The fall failed to break his neek as was same him below to be a superscript of the sheek as was same below to be a superscript. Titus Pomponius Atticus Bibb is what they named him, and he lived in Kentucky. Now that he is grown up he signs his name, for short, T. P. Atticus Bibb.

"Give the villain another dose;" "Shoot him:" "Cut his throat;" and numerous other ejaculations of similar tenor. Women fainted, and a scene of the wildest excitement ensuad. The Sheriff regained the platform, and, by a determined efforts of his assistents, the half-hung man was raised, the nose tightened, and amid shouts Ballew was swung off a second time, and in thirty minutes was pronounced dead. aBllew was one of the most notorious desperadoes in the State and is known to have murdered a number of men.

Frenchman, living at No. 339 East Twenty-first street, New York, shot and instantly killed his wife Leonia, at the corner of First avenue and Fifteenth street. The murderer was arrested by the corner of the corne

one of our rural exchanges, whereat the inches tall, and the bridegroom seven feet six. In such a case, whether the A New Hampshire speculative agri-culturalist has been forced to pay \$800

"Sponging" is said to be the princi-ple business of Key West, Fla.; but we doubt if as much of it is done there as in this city, where we have so many "sponges" of the first water that divers

ersons (chiefly hotel-keepers) down upon them" at sight.

Miss Vallett, atat 22, of Providence, R. I., estimates at \$30,000 her indirect damages through a breach of promise of marriage on the part of a Vallettudina-rian named Grace, aged three score and ten, and rakes up other old scores against

The Spanish authorities in Cuba profess great indignation because innocent-looking traveling trunks are found to forgive all, but she constantly refused, in which action she was seconded by Tartiene, who was always present at these meetings. Andre then had a document drawn up by a lawyer for a separation, and called on his wife, whom he

heraidle savages precisely similar to those which stand guard over the im-perial blazonry. This is in addition to the number of private soldiers who "support arms" at the Prince's com-mand.

An Indian matron has fied from her home, presumably because she could no longer bear her husband' name, which is Hellish. She wanted him to assume her mother's title, but he logically argued that it woulden't mend logically argued that it would not a logically argued that it would not a logically argued that it would not a l ters to give up his sires infernal paretters to give up his sires infernal paretters aymic and take that of his dam.

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Oxford University celebrates its one ousandth anniversary this year. The book to which reference is most

The boy who undertook to ride a horse-radish, is now practicing on a saddle of mutton. An irresponsible steam whistle at Green, Wis., blew three hours before it

The busy hum of the first Methodist amp meeting of the season has just been heard in Minnesota. The "seventeen-year" locusts have made their annual reappearance in Kentucky and Tennessee.

A man who has repeatedly tried them, says that all the short cuts to fortune are horribly over-crowded. We suppose that there is quite as large an amount of "craft" upon the land as there is upon the water. A vigorous young sexton in Opelika, Ga., lately pulled the church bell down, and came near ringing his own knell in

"Academy of Billiards" is the latest.
"University of Base Ball" next, and
possibly "National Institute for Instruction in Marbles."

Miss Anthony is reported, for the first time in her life, to have been "quite unmanned" since her unkind reception The locust eggs are poisoning the nulberries in Tennessee by being depos-

son. She was the mother-in-law of a printer in Boston, Mass., and her real name was Elizabeth Goose. The first edition of her well-known rhymes was corner of First avenue and Fifteenth street. The murderer was arrested by Officer Kennedy of the seventeenth precinct, and locked up at that station. The body of his wife was sent to the morgue. The following are the patieulars as the case is learned from the husband, who is locked up in the stationsold for two coppers on Devonshire street government is explained by the suppo-sition that Mr. Boutwell, when he finds that his accounts cannot easily be

for the false pretence involved in passing off as a petrified human body of great antiquity, a sandstone statue which he had secretly buried for the purpose of having it discovered.

stantly wrote letters of condolence and sympathy to both, promising to do all in his power for them. In January last Andre was stricken down with small-pox, and subsequently removed to the hospital, where he remained until April 5, when he was discharged as cured. He soon learned that his wife had been unfaithful to her marriage yows, and constantly charged her with

damages done to the former's wife by the latter's cow. Considering the extremely uncertain tenure of property in

contain weapons for the insurgents. But where, we should like to know, would any one be more likely to look for arms than in connection with a

French consul and sign it. His wife read the document and refused to sign it, stating it was not worth the paper it was written jou. Andre made some threatening remarks, and his wife becoming alarmed fled from the house pursued by her husband. She ran toward First avenue, where she was caught by her husband, who drew a single-barreled pistol and placing the muzzle under her ear fired, killing her instantly. He did not make any attempt to escape, and was soon after arrested. Upon being taken to the station-house he stated that he did not care if they cut his head off then, as he thought he had done just right. In his possession were found the pistol, with a lot of small bullets and caps, and about a dozen letters written by Tartiene to his wife and himself. After being placed in the cell he wrote the following letter to a Mr. Donanneau No. 148 Grand street:

"You know my wife's conduct. I